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The Hawaiian Appeal.

Our latest reports from Hawaii confirm the statements of the Commission as to the emergency in the islands and the demand for decisive action. The monarchy had been completely overthrown. The Provisional Government was in complete possession, with the steady support of the better part of the population in the islands. To make sure against any uprising of the worse elements of society, the Provisional Government, through their chairman, Mr. Dole, requested U. S. Minister Stevens to extend the protection of the United States over the islands. In compliance with the request, Mr. Stevens issued a proclamation announcing the extension of United States authority over the islands during the pendency of negotiations for annexation, for the protection of persons and property, "without interfering with the administration of public affairs by the Provisional Government." The act was purely humanitarian and not aggressive. The case against the Queen is strong and decisive. Mr. Colburn's defensive letter admits all the main facts charged by the Commission as justifying the revolution. He admits the Queen's incapacity, fanaticism, acts of tyranny, and subjection to foreign influences unfavorable to the American residents and chief property-holders, making a strong case in justification of the revolutionists. Meantime the negotiations at Washington proceed slowly. The Commission met Secretary Foster on the 4th inst., but was not received by the President until the 11th, indicating a purpose on the part of President Harrison to move with caution and to await full information both from the islands and the American people. The first impulse was favorable to annexation; but more mature consideration develops a sentiment unfavorable to close relations with the crude elements composing a majority of the population of the islands. The bill introduced by Senator Morgan is designed to allow the government to hold any acquired territory in a loose way. The President may appoint a governor, and he, with a legislative council of twenty-five members, whose acts are to be revised by Congress, can control until fuller provisions are made by Congress.

Another Crisis in France.

The Panama Canal scheme was a deep pit into which many citizens of France fell, and in which the Republic came near perishing. Though a private enterprise, the government became fearfully involved through the corrupting influence of the company's money. After the earlier revelations in the Panama trials, it was hoped the chief actors associated with Count de Lesseps in that great undertaking would be found guilty of nothing more than neglect and imprudence in management. Great was the public astonishment, therefore, to hear the sentences of Judge Perivier in the Court of Appeals: Ferdinand de Lesseps, five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs; Charles de Lesseps, five years and a fine of 3,000 francs; then came Fontane, two years, Henri Cottu, two years, and Gustave Eiffel, two years' imprisonment and 20,000 francs fine. The sentence of the court was like a thunderbolt sounding through the civilized world. The sentence of Ferdinand de Lesseps sent a pang through every generous heart. The idol of yesterday, the hero of two worlds, whom kings and republics delighted to honor, cast down to the earth, and his good name trampled in the dust! An old man of eighty-eight years, who had honored France and been a benefactor to the world, to die in prison! Severe as it seems, the sentence of the Judge was the expression of inexorable justice. De Lesseps has not only erred in judgment and shown himself weak in moral purpose, he had used his high position and great name to deceive the people and to corrupt the fountains of legislation. Premier Ribot and members of the Chambers, though they have escaped the scrutiny of the court, are involved in the popular indictment; and it will be the good fortune of the Republic if the ghost of Panama does not come up again to trouble it.

Gladstone and the Opposition.

The debate in the House of Commons on the Queen's Speech, for the week, has been continuous and animated. The conservative attack has been direct and often bitter; but in the thickest of the fight the white plume of the great Premier has been conspicuous, giving fresh evidence that his great age has in no way dimmed his vision or dampened his courage. His foreign policy was supposed to differ materially from that of the Earl of Salisbury and the conservatives; and at this vulnerable point the first attack by Balfour was made, only to be foiled by the skill of Gladstone. At least this much is clear from the running debate of the week, that the poli-

cy in Egypt and Uganda will remain for the present essentially what it was under the administration of his predecessor. The Portal Mission indicates no purpose to loose the grasp of England on that choice section of African territory; and, as to Egypt, so far from withdrawing, the purpose is to reinforce, as occasion may require. Of course, the Home Rule bill is the objective point of supreme interest, which is delayed by the debates in the House. Meantime the Premier has secured two votes of confidence by handsome majorities. J. E. Redmond, the Parcellite member, moved an amendment declaring in favor of the release of the men now undergoing imprisonment for treason; the motion was lost 263 to 183. The House also assented to Mr. Gladstone's wish for an early closing of the debate, in order to give place to the Irish bill. The motion of Arnold Forster, Liberal Union, expressing regret at the clerical interference with the elections in Ireland, was lost, 248 to 205.

[Since the above was written, and just as we go to press, announcement is made that Mr. Gladstone, on Monday afternoon, presented the Home Rule bill to Parliament. It is proposed, as in the bill of 1886, to establish a legislative body in Dublin, with special added safeguards for the preservation of imperial unity. The address was vigorous and impassioned, and made a deep impression in favor of the passage of the bill.]

The Old Colony Railroad.

We have fairly entered the period of large railroad consolidation. The Consolidated Road, including the New York, New Haven & Hartford lines, has made an important advance in capturing the Old Colony system, whose lines extend to New Bedford and Fall River, with branches touching Lowell and Fitchburg by way of Framingham. The Old Colony also holds a long lease of the Boston & Providence Road. The new combinations give the Consolidated Road a clear right of way between New York and Boston as well as the control of all the lines connecting with the steamboat lines to New York. This last consolidation must prove a rival not only to the New York & New England, but to the Boston & Albany, which has the disadvantage of a longer swing by way of Springfield. The move marks the fresh enterprise of the management. The Boston & Providence line is to be, at once, made a four-track road, and the same improvement will be long extended on to New York. The arrangement will prove advantageous to the Old Colony section as well as to that at New Haven, in affording wider control and greater facilities for travel and traffic. In other words, it has not been a "gobbling up" of one corporation by another, but a mutual adjustment of interest for the advantage of all the parties concerned. The saving of expense by single management will be considerable. There have been few consolidations which have proved so satisfactory to the parties on both sides. The Boston parties, as they are to be retained in the service of the road, seem to be as well pleased as those at the other end of the route.

Silver in the Ascendant.

During the week the silver men have scored two notable victories in Congress. In the Senate the motion of Senator Hill of New York in favor of the repeal of the Sherman law for the monthly purchase of silver by the government, was lost after brief debate by the decisive vote of 42 to 23—an adverse majority larger than any one anticipated. In the House the cause of sound money suffered an equally decisive defeat. The motion for the repeal of the Sherman law of 1890 received 143 votes to 152 against it. An analysis of the vote shows that the motion was sustained by 107 Democrats, 35 Republicans, and 10 Populists. Though the motion was subsidiary, it is considered decisive of the whole question, revealing the startling fact that Congress in both branches is deeply affected by the silver craze. These votes end the struggle in this Congress, and those in favor of free coinage may reasonably anticipate a more important victory in the next Congress.

Lynching in Texas.

That the burning affair at Paris has stirred the blood of Gov. Hogg to address a message to the legislature denouncing the practice of securing justice by mob violence is certainly a hopeful sign. He regards mob execution as nothing less than murder. "As a rule the ruffian, lounging, indolent, lawless element of the community inspire and lead on the mob, while the law-abiding, industrious citizen is terrorized by the spectacle." He advises the enactment of severe laws against the practice, punishing the individuals concerned when possible, and, in case they cannot be reached, the imposing of a heavy fine on the county or counties where mobs occur. The legislative remedy is good as far as it goes; but the evil lies deeper in a vicious public sentiment in regard to the sacredness of human life and the authority of the magistrate. Civilization has gained an important point when the people remit the punishment of crime wholly to the legal authorities.

The Public Debt.

For the month of January the receipts of the Treasury were larger by \$35,309,073 than for any other month during two years; and yet the expenditures were so large as to increase the national debt \$3,000,000. The present status of the debt, as given by the New York Times, is as follows:—

"The national debt today, less the cash balance in the Treasury, amounts to \$358,537,965, of which \$253,533,660 is interest-bearing debt made up of \$259,669,180 4 per cents and \$23,864,000 2 per cents. In round numbers about \$510,000,000 of

this bonded indebtedness is in registered and \$75,000,000 in coupon bonds. Since March 1, 1892, the beginning of the present administration, the bonded indebtedness of the country has decreased \$259,073,500, there having been about \$138,000,000 4 1-2 and \$121,000,000 4 per cent. bonds redeemed and cancelled."

A DAY ON THE SNOW.

PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE.

THE following narrative of an Alpine excursion may properly be prefaced by the remark that the two travelers whose experiences are related make no claim to the honor of being mountain-climbers in the Alpine sense. For "mountain-climber" is a term whose meaning varies with the locality. In the White Mountains, a mountain-climber is one who enjoys a long walk on an up-grade, and who is willing occasionally to go where the feet need a little assistance from the hands—one who can walk over the peaks of the Presidential Range, or get up to the top of one of the Trip pyramid alitudes. But, in the Alps, no one is called a mountain-climber who does not delight in ascending a steep *arête* of ice where the slightest slip will send him over a precipice of some thousands of feet. But there are excursions which non-climbers can safely undertake, which afford most delightful and instructive views of the snow-region of the Alps. One of the most satisfactory excursions of this sort is the

Ascent of the Breithorn.

Nearly every traveler who visits Zermatt goes to the Gorner Grät. From that point of view he sees the great Gorner Glacier directly below him, and beyond the glacier the range of snow-peaks extending from Monte Rosa on the east to the Breithorn on the west. As he looks upon the Breithorn, with its lofty cliffs capped by a cornice of snow, he perhaps finds it difficult to believe that that seemingly inaccessible peak can be scaled without danger or difficulty by any one who has sufficient endurance for a long and fatiguing walk.

Descending from the Gorner Grät, we take up our quarters for the night at the comfortable hotel on the Riffl Alp. It is arranged that we are to go to the Breithorn on the morrow. Provisions are ordered, and directions given to the porter to call us at two o'clock in the morning. An early start is advisable, so that as much as possible of the journey may be accomplished before the daily melting of the snow is far advanced. And so we compose ourselves for a short sleep, though the vivid memory of the panorama of snow-peaks from the Gorner Grät and the anticipation of the more arduous exertion of the morrow are too exciting to conduce to the most peaceful slumber. At the appointed hour the summons comes. A hasty toilet, and then a breakfast "by early candle-light." About three o'clock we are off. A glorious morning! Moonlight and starlight are so enchantingly beautiful, that it seems as if the sun would be an intruder.

We follow an easy path to the edge of the ravine in which lies the

Gorner Glacier.

and then descend in zigzags the precipitous bank. Before we get fairly upon the glacier, we must climb over an immense mound of broken rock—the lateral moraine. Here and there, along the course of the glacier, the precipitous rocky walls, frost-shattered, tumble their debris upon the ice. What would be detached heaps if the glacier was stationary, are converted by the motion of the glacier into continuous mounds. But the lateral moraines on most of the Alpine glaciers have also another story to tell us, if we can understand their language. The bulk of the lateral moraine is not on the glacier, but beside and above it. These stranded moraines record the shrinkage of the glacier. For the glaciers are subject to irregular fluctuations through long periods of years. Unusually snowy winters increase the mass; unusually hot summers accelerate the melting. The former effect is only manifest after the lapse of years, as the snows of the great plateaus work slowly down the valleys; the latter effect shows itself at once. This in part explains the curious phenomenon of the increase in size of some glaciers while others in nearly adjacent valleys are diminishing.

In general, the glaciers of the Alps had a maximum development about 1850, and thereafter all of them diminished for a quarter of a century. Within the last few years most of them have begun to increase; but some (and among them the Gorner Glacier) are still diminishing, or at least not recognizably increasing. These minor fluctuations are, of course, to be distinguished from those greater changes that characterized the Glacial Epoch, when the northern glaciers of the Valais and the southern glaciers of the Oberland coalesced to form a sea of ice whose moraine debris may be found stranded on the slopes of the Jura.

We cross the great lateral moraine, and then the Gorner Glacier itself. Several more moraines we must climb over in crossing the glacier; for the Gorner, like most large glaciers, is formed by the union of many tributaries; and, whenever two glaciers unite, the left lateral moraine of one and the right lateral moraine of the other coalesce to form a medial moraine. One of the medial moraines on the Gorner Glacier is especially conspicuous; and we can trace the origin of most of the blocks to a place where the rock forming the wall of the valley disintegrates with exceptional rapidity. The ice on which we are walking is intersected by some crevasses, but they afford us no difficulty. Some of them we walk around, some we cross with a jump.

Now we leave the main stream of the Gorner Glacier, and for some distance our course leads us up one of the tributaries—the Lower Théodule Glacier. Then in sharp zigzags up the rocky wall of the Leichenbretter, and across the narrow ridge to the Upper Théodule Glacier. This is not a tributary of the Gorner. We have crossed the watershed (or shall we say the ice-shed) between the Gorner and another system of glaciers. Here is a little shanty of an inn. It is six o'clock, and the sun is fairly up. We sit down on the rocks to rest and enjoy the view. East of us stretches the vast ice-mass of the Gorner and its tributaries, above which on the south tower the mighty peaks of the Monte Rosa range. West of us, beyond the Furgge Glacier, rises in savage grandeur the black spire of the Matterhorn—relic, and to the geological eye, most legible monument, of the cubic miles of rock into which its nearly horizontal stratification once extended, but which have slowly yielded to the incessant battering of the agents of denudation. For the colossal mass of the Alps is only a remnant, which air and water and frost are continually grinding away.

And now we turn our attention to the Upper Théodule Glacier, over which we are next to march. Its aspect is strikingly different from that of the Lower Théodule, which we left when we began to climb the rock-wall of the Leichenbretter. Instead of a surface of ice more or less crevassed, the eye wanders over an unbroken, gently-inclined plane of snow. The origin of glaciers is, of course, in the snow which falls on the higher parts of the mountain mass. That snow, under the influence of pressure and alternate melting and freezing, passes gradually through the intermediate condition of *névé* into that of ice. The material that mantles the plateaus at the head of the Alpine valleys is, accordingly, *névé*; while lower down in the valleys is found the ice of the glaciers proper. In leaving the Lower Théodule Glacier and climbing up to the Upper Théodule, we have passed from the ice region to the *névé* region.

This change in the condition of things required a change in our mode of procedure. In the ice any crevasses that may exist show themselves, and the traveler can walk around or jump across them. But in the *névé* there is always a possibility of invisible crevasses—crevasses bridged over by a thin, treacherous snow-crust. Against this danger there is one indispensable precaution. The party must be roped together, and march in single file with intervals of fifteen or twenty feet. Then, if the leader of the party breaks through into a crevasse, the others can hold him till he can scramble out. So our line is formed, the two guides respectively in front and rear, and the two travelers between. The rope is tied securely around the waist of each member of the party. We all put on blue or gray goggles, for we are to traverse for hours an unbroken field of snow in the blaze of a September sun. And so, armed and equipped, we begin the march.

The necessity of the precautions we have taken is somewhat emphasized by the fact that our expedition follows a week of bad weather. What has been rain below has been snow in these upper regions, and the firm crust of the *névé* is covered by about two feet of fresh snow. It is, in fact, the exaggeration of the difficulties of the excursion by the recent snow, that has rendered it necessary to take two guides. Under ordinary conditions one would be sufficient. We are not, however, the first travelers who have ascended the mountains since the snow-storms. A party went up the preceding day, and where the soft snow has been pressed down beneath their feet, it has partly frozen. We tread exactly in their footsteps. The measured pace is rather fatiguing, but less so than wading through two feet of soft snow. Later in the day we have to try the latter alternative, as the noonday heat softens the snow so much that the footsteps of our predecessors will no longer support us.

Onward then up the Upper Théodule Glacier. At first the slope is very gentle, then it becomes steeper. Now we are up on the great plateau of *névé* which stretches all around the south and west sides of the Breithorn. We are, in fact, going around our mountain. From the Gorner Grät we saw the steep northern cliffs of the Breithorn. We are now working our way up its gentle southwest slope. As we gradually rise to a higher altitude, the rare air joins its effect to the fatigue of the long march. We get out of breath more easily. More frequent rests are in order, and the stimulus of coffee is appealed to now and then to brace nerve and muscle for the work. And now the final tug is just before us. Up from the gentle inclined plane over which we have been toiling for hours, rises steeply the dome which forms the summit of the mountain. When the surface of the *névé* is hard and smooth, it is sometimes necessary here to cut steps with an ice-axe, in order to gain a secure footing on the steep slope. Our leading guide needs now only to trample the soft wet snow, and the rest of us tread in his footsteps. So, after a long rest and a second breakfast, we move rather doggedly and very slowly up the dome of snow.

Somewhat before eleven o'clock we reach the summit, and throw ourselves down on the snow. No words can paint the Splendor of the Prospect which spreads itself around us. Some mountain views are astonishing and delight the beholder by their panoramic extent; others charm by the grandeur or picturesque beauty of the objects in the foreground. Here both these attractions are combined. The whole Alpine chain from Monte Viso to the Tyrol is in full view; and in the foreground stand those mountain giants which make Zermatt the favorite haunt of those who love the savage grandeur of the Alps. To the northwest the terrible Matterhorn, and further north the cluster of peaks of which the Weisshorn is the chief; to the northeast the peaks of the Saas-grät; to the east Monte Rosa—the monarch of the Valais—with his immediate retinue of snow-crowned giants. But inventory is useless, and description is impossible. And all the dazzling splendors of this view gleam through an atmosphere of crystal beneath a sky of sapphire. One could well afford to wait through a week of rain for the glory of such a day.

Having marched up a hill, the next thing for us is to march down again. The slope towards Avenis is by no means the only inclined plane on which progress is easier downward than upward. The procession is formed in inverse order, the older and more experienced of the two guides in the rear. Steadily ourselves by digging our alpenstocks into the snow behind us, we slide down the steep side of the dome which we climbed up so slowly and laboriously, and in a few minutes we are at the place of our long halt. And now stretches before us for miles the gentle slope of the great snow-field. Under the noonday sun the snow is so soft that we sink in more than ankle-deep at almost every step. But, even under so adverse conditions, the force of gravitation makes itself felt, and the descent is accomplished in far less time than the ascent. About one o'clock we are once more at the St. Théodule hut, which we left at six in the morning. The rope which we have worn for seven hours is cast off, as we leave the treacherous snow for terra firma.

Once more, then, over the zigzag path down the rocky wall of the Leichenbretter; and then down the Lower Théodule Glacier to its confluence with the main ice-stream, and then across the great Gorner Glacier. Now, in broad daylight, we can study the Phenomena of the Glacier more satisfactorily than in the dim twilight of our morning march. We notice that, wherever stones of not more than a few inches in diameter are scattered over the ice, they have melted their way into it, and lie at the bottom of cavities of greater or less depth. Large rocks, on the contrary, not heated through by the sun's rays, protect the ice immediately beneath them from sharing in the general melting of the glacier surface, and seem to rise on icy pedestals. Some of the stones which have melted their way into the ice are larger than any I have seen in like situation in former visits to the Alps. The difference is doubtless due to the lateness of the season. A stone which in July would protect the ice from melting, might by the middle of September become heated through and melt its way into the ice.

Now we notice everywhere streams of water running over the surface of the ice, showing impressively how rapidly the ice is melting away. Now and then we see where a crevasse has formed across the course of one of these streams. The falling water has worn and melted a cylindrical pit, into which it falls in a sparkling cascade. We can look into some of these moulins, and enjoy the glorious blue of the pure ice within. Sometimes it happens that a new crevasse is formed across the course of the stream, and then the water falling into the new crevasse excavates a new moulin, and the old moulin is left dry.

Most of the streams which now we see flowing over the glacier, were frozen and still in the morning; and the largest of them were much less in volume than now. Nor is it only on the surface of the glacier that the difference between night and day is felt. In greater or less degree the heat penetrates into the mass of the glacier. It does not, indeed, raise its temperature. A mass of ice and water cannot vary appreciably from the temperature of freezing till it is all frozen or all melted. But the heat which penetrates into the glacier makes itself felt in another way. As the heat is transmitted from particle to particle, alternate melting and freezing are taking place throughout the mass. Now here, now there, the force of cohesion is momentarily relaxed. The omnipresent force of gravitation takes advantage of every loosening of cohesion to slide some particles forward a little, and regulation promptly fastens them in their new position. So the mass moves on, seemingly solid and rigid, and yet conforming itself to the inequalities of its path like a viscous fluid. The more heat is communicated to the ice, other things being equal, the faster will it move. It moves faster by day than by night, faster in summer than in winter.

And now we climb the wall of the valley on the side of the Rifflberg. We stand on the brink and survey the glacier. Where we have crossed it, its surface is comparatively smooth and not very much crevassed. The median portion of the glacier is notably free from crevasses. The lateral portions are intersected by a series of crevasses, whose trend on each side of the glacier is outward and downward. One might easily imagine, as was formerly supposed, that such crevasses were originally transverse, and have been distorted by a more rapid forward movement of the lateral parts of a glacier. But, in point of fact, in a glacier, as in a river, the median part moves faster than the lateral parts. And this indeed is precisely the cause of these marginal crevasses. The more rapid motion of the median part subjects the lateral parts of the glacier to tension in a direction downward and inward. As the glacier ice, despite its seeming plasticity, is really in no appreciable degree viscous, it can yield to the strain only by a series of fractures perpendicular to the lines of tension.

As we gaze to the right, we see that, a little below the place where we have traversed the glacier, it shows a sudden and remarkable change. The gentle slope changes to a steeper one; and the superficial parts of the ice, unable to stretch themselves over the convex curve, are shattered to fragments. The gentle inclined plane of the glacier gives place to a chaotic mass of irregular blocks and pinnacles.

In the deep clefts between the huge scree, the ice shows its wondrous blue— weird, fantastic form and exquisite purity of color uniting to give to the ice-cascade a most fascinating beauty. But we are homeward bound, and the splendor of the ice-cascade does not long detain us. About four o'clock in the afternoon we are glad to find shelter and rest in the comfortable hotel on the Riffl Alp, from which we started thirteen hours before.

CHICAGO LETTER.
J. H. H.

THREE events took place at Chicago last week which were of interest to Methodism at large. The first was the meeting of the Cabinet of the Epworth League; the second the annual meeting of the Book Committee; and the third the reception and banquet at the Auditorium tendered by the Chicago Methodist Social Union to the Bishops, the Book Committee, the publishing agents, the official editors, and the members of the Epworth League Cabinet.

The Cabinet of the Epworth League met at the Sherman House, Tuesday afternoon, with Bishop Fitzgerald in the chair. The other members present were: R. R. Doherty, of New York; W. W. Cooper, of St. Joseph, Mich.; C. E. Piper, of Chicago; Rev. H. C. Jennings, of Reading, Minn.; Dr. Berry, of the Epworth Herald; and Dr. Liebhart, of the Haus und Herd. Rev. W. L. Haven, of Boston, was the only member absent. The Cabinet had special business to transact with reference to the coming International Conference, which is to occur at Cleveland in July next. Besides this important matter, action was taken in regard to the relations of the Epworth League to the Book Concern, and the adjustment of these relations received much attention from, and consumed much time of, both the Cabinet and the Book Committee.

For the first time in the history of the church, The Book Committee held its annual meeting in Chicago. The Committee is composed as follows: Rev. A. F. Chase, Maine Conference; Rev. A. J. Palmer, D. D., New York Conference; Rev. L. C. Quail, D. D., Central New York Conference; Rev. E. J. Gray, D. D., Central Pennsylvania Conference; Prof. W. F. Whitlock, North Ohio Conference; Rev. J. E. Wilson, South Carolina Conference; Clement Sundeaker, esq., Northwest Indiana Conference; Rev. M. A. Head, Central Illinois Conference; Rev. J. R. O'Neil, Wisconsin Conference; Rev. N. A. Chamberlain, Colorado Conference; F. B. Sweet, esq., Kansas Conference; Rev. W. R. B. Duncan, Little Rock Conference; H. A. Salzer, esq., Northwest German Conference; Justin Grayley, esq., California Conference. The local committees are: New York, William Hoyt, esq.; E. B. Tuttle, esq.; and Judge E. L. Fancher; Cincinnati, R. A. W. Brühl, esq.; and Richard Dymond, esq. But sixteen of the Committee were present. The Eastern and Western sections held separate meetings Tuesday afternoon, and Wednesday morning came together at the Sherman House for their first joint meeting. Organization was effected by the election of Prof. Whitlock as president, and of Rev. E. J. Gray as secretary. The first item of importance presented was the annual reports of the agents. Hunt & Eaton reported sales of books of \$463,913.33—an increase of \$12,177.18; and Cranston & Curtis reported that, in spite of greatly reduced prices, the volume of their trade has increased more than \$30,000. A year of prosperity was reported all along the line. The editors of the various periodical publications were present and made their annual reports. It is interesting, however, to note that the suggestions of the editors, while received with due courtesy, did not affect greatly either the plans or the appropriations of the Committee with reference to the periodical list. Mr. J. N. Gamble, of Cincinnati, was made a member of the local committee at Cincinnati in place of Mr. Amos Shinkle, deceased. A resolution rectifying the valuable services of Mr. Shinkle was adopted and Mr. Richard Dymond, Dr. Cranston and Bishop Merrill made appropriate addresses.

Perhaps the item of business that attracted greatest general interest was the election of an editor of the Methodist Review. This was the order of the day for Wednesday afternoon, and a large company of Chicago preachers crowded the small parlors to witness the ceremony. But two ballots were taken, and the result was the election of Rev. William W. Kelley, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., who received ten out of sixteen votes. After the election the Bishops present—Merrill, Nindé, Walden and Fitzgerald— withdrew, and held a private conference, the result of which was prompt concurrence in the action of the Committee, and the confirmation of Dr. Kelley as editor of the Review. The choice was a surprise to the Western people, among whom Dr. Kelley is not widely known.

The meeting continued all day Thursday, and it was nearly Friday noon before the final adjournment was reached. One important matter that was settled was the relation of the Epworth League to the Book Concerns. A resolution was adopted, after much discussion and many conferences of committees, by which the Book Concerns agree to shoulder the operating expenses of the central office of the League, and the expenses ordered by the General Cabinet and the Board of Control, inasmuch as all the publications fall to the Book Concerns and the profits therefrom go into its treasury.

An attempt was made to equalize the salaries of the Bishops and fix the salaries at \$5,000, which would be, more strictly speaking, \$3,000 salary and \$1,000 for house-rent. At present the Bishops do not all draw the same amount from the Episcopal Fund. The salary is fixed at \$5,000 in each case, but to some is given \$1,500 for house-rent and to others only \$1,000. The attempt to equalize failed to carry by a single vote.

The Committee took action relative to the Methodist exhibit at the World's Fair, and the commission will meet in Chicago this week to initiate a movement which will give Methodism respectable, if not adequate, representation at the big Exposition.

A commission was appointed to visit the various cities that had asked for the privilege of entertaining the next General Conference—Cleveland, Indianapolis, etc.— and to report at the next meeting of the Book Committee, which will occur at Cincinnati, next February.

Reception and Banquet

The social event of the week was the Reception and Banquet, tendered the Bishops, Book Committee, editors, Board of Control Cabinet, and publishing agents, by the Chicago Methodist Social Union, at the Auditorium Hotel. About six hundred sat down to the banquet. President Henry Wade Rogers, of Northwestern University, who is also president of the Social Union, sat at the head of the table. The good things disposed of, addresses were made by Dr. Rogers, Bishop Fowler, Dr. Buckley, Dr. Moore, Dr. Cranston, Dr. A. J. Palmer, and General Secretary Schell. It was a very delightful occasion.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15, 1893.

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ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH.

The vain excuses, which deceive nobody, not even those who make them, as to attendance at church, are sufficiently answered by the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." And the proverb finds excellent illustration in the example of the famous Methodist class-leader, William Carvoso. He had a small farm on poor soil, and was working intensely hard to maintain his family and obtain, if possible, a moderate competence. His biographer says: "The pressure of farm work, especially during harvest, often made it seem expedient to omit ordinary attendance at the sanctuary; but the Lord's spiritual work stood higher in his affections than any temporal profit; and though he lived a mile from his place of worship, he was always found in it from five to seven times a week, albeit it often cost him severe effort at rapid work during the day to be at his beloved place of meeting at night."

May we not with boldness and truthfulness say that they to whom the place of meeting is as dear as it was to Carvoso, and who give their religious duties the first place, will be almost always able, by proper planning and extra self-denial, to be found in their seat at the sanctuary? It is amazing how many of the most plausible excuses are swept instantly and completely away by a revival. Those who found it before utterly impossible to be present, and would have keenly resented any suggestion that they were not sincere in their reasons for non-attendance, are seen at the church every night. But, alas! in a few weeks after the special services close and the extra attractions are removed, their old complaints return with full vigor.

ANOTHER MISUSED WORD.

We called attention, the other day, to the common perversion of the word "holy," whereby it was restricted to a particular class instead of being applied to all the children of God, and the corresponding word "holiness," which, instead of being ascribed to all who are on the way to heaven, was most improperly made the rallying cry of a special party in the church.

There is still another beautiful Scripture term which has been similarly ill-treated and misappropriated. It is the term "perfection" and "perfect." There can be no question as to what the Biblical writers generally mean by it. There are quite a number of passages where the context unmistakably fixes the signification. One of these is Heb. 5: 14 and 6: 1, where it says: "Solid food is for full-grown [margin, perfect] men, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern good and evil." "Wherefore let us cease to speak of the first principles of Christ, and press on unto perfection [margin, full growth]." In Eph. 4: 12, the "perfecting of the saints," or holy ones, is put in apposition with the "building up of the body of Christ" and the "growing up in all things unto Him," in antithesis to the "children, tossed to and fro." In I Cor. 14: 20 we have: "In malice be ye babes, but in mind be men," where the Greek word rendered "men" is the same as that generally translated "perfect," and is given here in the margin as "of full age." "We speak wisdom among them that are perfect" (I Cor. 2: 6); i. e., as Wesley explains in his Notes, and as the context makes clear, "adult, experienced Christians." Similarly Whedon in his comment here on I Cor. 3: 1: "A perfect man in Christ Jesus is simply an adult man; perfect implies adulthood." It is evidently the meaning in Phil. 3: 12: "Let us as many as be perfect." Wesley explains it as "fit for the race, strong in faith; Conybeare renders it "ripe in understanding;" and Alford says, "mature in Christian life." The apostle Peter also does his best to define the meaning of "perfect" by the terms which he adds in apposition or explanation of it. See 1 Pet. 5: 10: "The God of all grace shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you." Other passages, such as 2 Cor. 13: 9, 11, and 2 Cor. 7: 1,

when examined, yield precisely similar results; so that it may be regarded as thoroughly established that this is the common ruling meaning of the words "perfect" and "perfection" in the Scriptures. They simply stand for adulthood or maturity.

It is well known that Fletcher, in his standard work on Christian Perfection, where he takes great pains to define what he means by it, says: "We give that name to the maturity of grace peculiar to established adult believers." "By Christian perfection we mean nothing but the cluster and maturing of the graces which compose the Christian character in the church militant." Many passages of similar import from Wesley might also be quoted. As a representative of modern Methodism, Bishop Merrill is good authority. In his "Aspects of Christian Experience" he says: "Christian perfection is that state of maturity of the Christian virtues reached by growth in grace, or by the orderly unfolding of the life obtained in the new birth." He also says: "Every Christian who grows in grace and uses the means of spiritual improvement, is growing into higher degrees of holiness and going on unto perfection."

We do not deny that the word "perfect" has a variety of meanings, and may be legitimately used in other senses than the one above indicated; but our claim is that the meaning adult, strong, as opposed to weak beginners or children, is so manifestly the leading thought in Scripture, that when other significations are put upon the word in common speech it should be noted and carefully explained. It is evident that the word is vague and general, not precise and critical, without value as a shibboleth or as a theological formula, since there can be no definite line between spiritual infancy and spiritual manhood; but a very excellent word for conveying some exceedingly useful practical lessons as to our getting out of babyhood as fast as possible and mounting steadily, rapidly, up to manhood.

They who lay great stress on the use of Scriptural terms and strenuously object to any others, ought, in common honesty, to be very particular about using the terms as the Scriptural writers use them. Otherwise they handle the Word of God deceitfully, misapply its precepts, and bring in wrongfully its great authority to support their own fond fancies. That this is constantly done, and with great show of zeal for the Bible, both in the use of "holy" and "perfect," any one at all familiar with modern religious controversy does not need to be assured. It is time a halt was called in this matter. It is time there was less of reading our own notions into the Bible, and more of patient, careful drawing out the exact ideas of inspiration. The Sacred Word has suffered terribly at the hands of dogmatizers and controversialists, especially on this subject of which we are treating. There is still need of Wesley's caution that we are in danger of fanaticism every hour if we "depart ever so little from Scripture, yea, or from the plain, literal meaning of any text taken in connection with the context."

PRISONERS, PRISONS, AND PRISON REFORMS.

The natural order of event and of thought in the scientific study of crime, exclusive of preventive agencies, is the order here given. The man, the criminal, is to be considered first; what he is by antecedents, conditions and deeds, and what is to be done with him through imprisonment and reformation.

The inductive method has disclosed that the leading characteristics of criminals are illiteracy, laziness, and levity; mobility and inconstancy; lack of foresight; credulity; superstition; ridicule of cherished and sacred things; a want of prudence and moral sense. Criminals are unreliable, but are thoroughly responsible. They believe in dreams, omens, and unlucky days. There is a physiological basis for crime. Heredity is to be studied as a cause and a palliation. Environment is an occasion and an opportunity. Crime is manifold. Criminals are ingenious. The tramp, when a sounder, is not necessarily a fool. There are ten kinds of mendicants. One idler and vagrant claimed to have twenty-seven occupations. Theft is the most frequent crime. The thief uniformly resorts to lying in self-defense, unless he makes a confession. He is free in the use of his money and property because he acquires it easily. Crime in general is increasing. So is population. The real question for scholars and reformers is whether crime is increasing in proportion to population. It is not. Poisoning is declining, to a very marked degree, owing to scientific ability to trace the presence of poisons in the system after death.

Nevertheless, the way of sin is downhill. Crime easily graduates from an act into a habit. Its whole tendency is to repeat itself. Moral force is reduced by repeated acts contrary to a standard of right and a rule of righteousness. The rate of progress is rapid. Hardened criminals include not only those in advanced life, but some in their teens, or others who are but little past their majority. Habitual

criminals are: 1. Those who are in the preliminary stages of epilepsy or insanity. 2. Those whose hereditary antecedents are bad. 3. Those whose training and environment have induced immorality and dishonor. Habitual criminals increase with advancing civilization. They are not remorseful; hence they do not repent. Some are classified as incorrigible. They are factors and types in inferring what may be true of rebels against God beyond death and the grave. In prison they are inclined to coarseness, boldness, defiance, resistance, refusal to work, and willful spoiling of their clothes and other effects not uncommon with the insane. They like to stir up their fellow-prisoners to plots of the most audacious sort. Severe punishment is necessary to restrain them; they resemble much the normal insane, so that one can regard them as in the first stage of insanity.

All things considered, confinement in prisons is depressing to the physical condition of prisoners, owing to their isolation, restriction of their freedom and previous vagabond habits, and to the solitary vices which are very common. The percentage of mortality among female prisoners is high, especially among those sentenced to hard labor.

Thus far we have been simply stating a few specimen facts and conclusions. The whole subject relates very largely to the treatment of the young, inasmuch as the majority of the inmates of prisons are under thirty years of age. The infant, the child, the youth, is to be trained, positively and negatively, to morality and religion. Nothing is unimportant which reveals what the young are, or which is directed toward what they may become, or may be prevented from becoming. Their deception and cruelty are to be overcome. Their passionateness is to be checked. Their cruelty is to be replaced by kindness. Arthur Macdonald, a specialist in criminology, whose training has been protracted, intercollegiate and international, says:

"Not a few of the inmates of reformatories come there practically incorrigible. . . . Some of the most hopeless criminals are graduates of the reform schools. The fault is . . . in allowing children to live the first years of their life in surroundings that almost predetermine to crime. Reformatories are expected to erase the indelible criminal impressions made upon children from birth, or before, till the age of six. . . . The wonder is that reformatories do as much as they do."

The cure of crime is not easy. Prevention is better than cure. The home, the church, the state and society must co-operate. The whole subject needs to be divorced from politics under the aims and results of civil service reform. Education in the broad sense is to begin early and never to cease. Work is wholesome. Trades should be taught and learned as among the Jews in the ancient days. Ethics, informal and technical, should acquire a much larger place in the public schools, and in the colleges, seminaries, universities and theological institutions. Tested methods of prison discipline should be generally adopted. Great care should be taken not to release, under the pardoning power, prisoners who will prey upon society as soon as released, under probation, parole, or any other contingency. Public sentiment should demand the exclusion of the trashy novel from the daily press, and a check upon the free distribution of the criminal story-paper at the doors of our homes. The daily press should cease to disseminate the contagion which teaches the young how crimes are to be committed, and incites them to test their powers and to secure ease and material well-being by short and facile methods. The theatre should cease to make heroes and heroines on the stage of those who are prone to the black arts. Purity, not impurity; truthfulness, not deceitfulness; courage, not wantonness, should be glorified. Moreover, all prisons should become reformatories, alike those that deal with males and females, with adults and with youth.

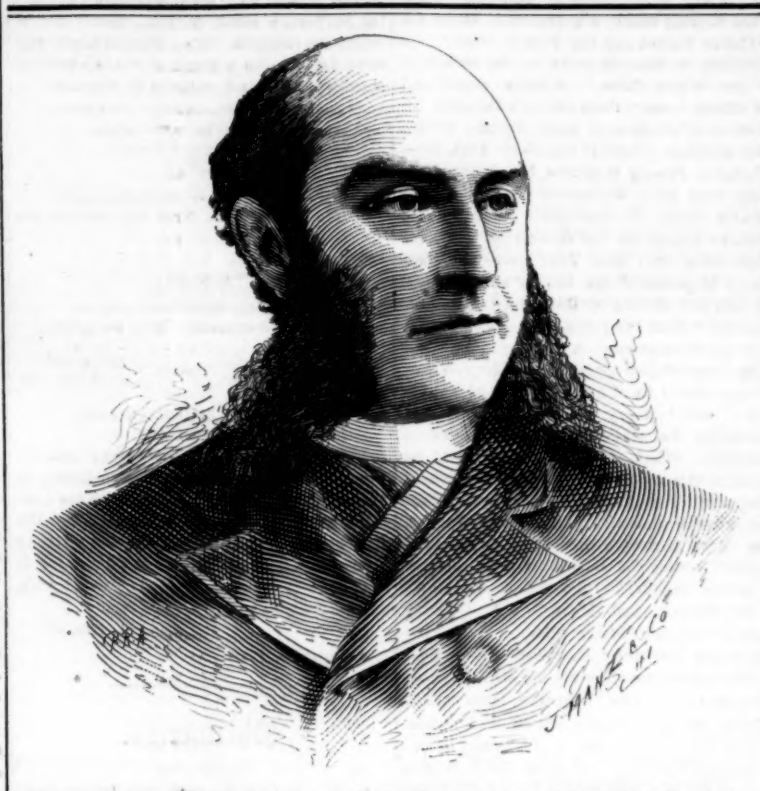
The relative proportionate decrease of crime in the great cities, in the Old World and in the New, is an undoubted fact. The recent death of ex-Chief Savage, of Boston, has served to show how much more criminality there was in Boston when he was in office than there is today. Optimism, not pessimism, is the spirit in which all prevention and reformation are to be attempted—the conclusion reached by those who are in closest contact with the worst criminals. The Christ is to be seen in the basest criminals. The transformation of such criminals into good citizens and Christians and church-members is to be one of the chief evidences of the power of modern Christianity. It was the glory and not the shame of the church in Corinth that it was composed in part of ex-fornicators, former adulterers, reformed thieves, Christianized drunkards. Of them Paul said that they had been sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God. How many churches are so composed in these days? Missions, and the Salvation Army, not churches, are the resorts of the modern ex-sensualists and ex-criminals, who have been converted. The more is the pity!

The Veteran Ministers' Relief Association.

The Veteran Ministers' Relief Association is composed of a number of prominent laymen from twenty Annual Conferences. It has kept its corresponding secretary, Rev. Jay Benson Hamilton, D. D., in the field for nearly two years. By his addresses in churches and before Conferences, and contributions to the denominational press, he has sought to awaken a deeper interest in the cause of the superannuated preacher. The Association, after carefully examining the plans of the Wesleyan Church in England, Australia and Canada, and the plans of all the denominations in this country, has framed

a Connectional Plan which will be submitted to the next General Conference. It has been presented to a large number of the leading minds of the church, both ministerial and lay, in order to obtain every practical suggestion possible to embody in the plan, so as to make it ideal and complete. It has the acquiescent and emphatic approval of hundreds of our most eminent ministers and most influential laymen. This Connectional Plan, while bringing the support of the whole church to the aid of the smaller and weaker Conferences, carefully guards Conference collections and permanent funds, and makes all administration local. As a preliminary to the adoption of the Connectional Plan, which can only be done by the General Conference, the local feature which provides a uniform method and

standard for collection and distribution is being submitted to all the Annual Conferences. This is the plan which has been in successful operation in the New York East Conference for several years. It has been adopted by twenty Annual Conferences with 3,500 ministers, or over one-fourth of the church. This movement is heartily endorsed by some of our principal New England laymen, who are members and managers of the Association. The local part of the Connectional Plan will be submitted for adoption at the coming sessions of the New England Conferences, most, if not all of which, Dr. Hamilton will personally visit and address. The Association earnestly desires that this plan shall be adopted without change, in order to secure uniformity of administration throughout the church.



Rev. W. V. Kelley, D. D., the New Editor of the Methodist Review.

The Book Committee, at their meeting last week in Chicago, elected Rev. William Valentine Kelley, D. D., editor of the *Methodist Review*. Dr. Kelley is pastor of the First Church in New Haven, Conn. He was born in Plainfield, N. J., in 1843, the son of Rev. Benjamin Kelley, of the Newark Conference, who was a nephew of Rev. Samuel Kelley, of the New England Conference. He was a student at Wesleyan University, graduating in 1865. He spent the following two years as professor of mathematics, natural sciences and German at the Pennington Seminary in New Jersey. He then entered the New Jersey Conference, beginning his ministry at Burlington. Dr. Kelley took rank at once as a leading preacher and successful pastor, and has been called to the best churches in Buffalo, Philadelphia and New York. Twice he has travelled extensively in Europe, upon the second occasion studying critically the Holy Land. He early manifested a fine literary taste, and has been an extensive contributor to the *Review*, and also to the religious weeklies. He has lectured frequently with great favor on such subjects as "Manhood," "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," "Beauty and the Beast," "Public Opinion," "When You Go to Europe," "Robert Browning," "Sidney Lanier," and "The Genius of American Nationality." He delivered the Baccalaureate sermon before Boston University last season, and it was received with great favor. We are gratified that a man from New England is selected, and that that man is Dr. Kelley.

Compassion on the Multitude.

It was our privilege last week to visit the University Settlement on Charter St. at the North End, and to spend a couple of hours with the young men and women who have gone to live among, to love and to help, the poor peoples of that section. As we chatted with them concerning their purposes and work, ate with and worshipped with them about their home altar, the words of the Master came to us with unusual force: "I have compassion on the multitude." In the presence of such conversion, such love for the miserable, and such persistent determination to be a practical blessing to that unfortunate and vicious community, we resolved to share more sympathetically and helpfully in their Christlike endeavor. It is the purpose of these young people to present to the darkened souls about them object lessons of the real Christ-life. They are surrounded with Italians, Russians, Jews, Portuguese, and indeed peoples from every clime. To be able to sympathize to advantage with the Italians, Bro. Helms and wife are learning that language. To converse freely with the German Jew, Bro. Walker is giving special study to the German. The Russian Jew reads Hebrew, and the young men often ask some of these visitors to read the Psalms or other parts of the Old Testament to them. One very intelligent Russian asserted, but first put his hat upon his head, and then read the 23d Psalm. His version was peculiarly expressive as he read: "The Lord is my feeder, I shall not want." Another was asked to read the 53d of Isaiah, and his soul kindled with fervid emotion as he followed the prophecy of the promised Messiah. Given a New Testament to read, he returned it after some days, saying, "I like your Jesus, but not his scholars," alluding to Paul and his characteristic of the unbelieving Jews. On Sunday afternoon this "home" echoes with "Gospel songs," and all around in the tenement houses people raise their windows to listen to the singing.

A very interesting feature of the Sunday work is the holding of meetings in the cheap lodging-houses. Mr. Fisher takes his portable organ—the gift of an honorable Christian to assist these struggling homes and holds a brief service of song, with a Gospel talk or a short sermon—the song most frequently called for being, "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight?" A part of the good work done here is to get acquainted with young men who have been allured to the city, but who should never have yielded to the temptation, and make it possible for them to return to their homes. The sick are visited; the distressed and comforted; the lonely, the life lived about them is touched, consoled, helped and brightened. Very much of what Christ would do if He were in Boston is being accomplished by these workers for that section.

Mrs. Helms and Miss Naylor give special attention to the girls. The Italian girls are very anxious to learn to play the organ or the piano. Sewing is taught. Helping the children in these practical ways opens the hearts of the parents to the good offices of these Christian servants.

Our visit to that University Settlement was a great blessing to us. It both humanized and Christianized us. We now have more compassion on the multitude; we have more confidence in their salvability; we have, therefore, more to pray for and to work for.

Finally, we plead with the churches in and about Boston to get close and keep close to this University Settlement. It is the Lord's doing. It is Methodist getting back to its old primary work of saving the people. Ask Rev. S. W. Naylor to visit your Epworth League and tell you what is being done. Visit the Settlement. There is work for you to do. There you will see the brightest of our young men and women deliberately refusing the large remuneration which would easily come to them as ministers and teachers, and working for the salvation of the masses, with the distinct understanding that they shall only be fed, housed and clothed. Here is apostolic consecration. Get near to it, share in it, help it to be most largely successful!

PERSONALS.

—Rev. J. C. Floyd, D. D., our Michigan correspondent, has been appointed pastor of Second St. Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Mrs. Florence S. Wilson, superintendent of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home, Cincinnati, has resigned, in order to care for her widowed mother, now over 80 years of age.

—Chaplain McCabe preached last Sunday in the morning at the First Church, Somerville, and in the evening at Broadway, taking in each church the annual missionary collection.

—Rev. William D. Wilkinson, pastor at South Yarmouth, has been a patient in the Methodist Episcopal Hospital at Brooklyn for four months, but is now improving in health.

—Rev. J. R. Day, D. D., of New York, is to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church at a service to be held in memory of the late Bishop Brooks in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening.

—J. D. Young, M. D., and wife, of this city, members of Tremont St. Church, left New York, last week, by one of the Clyde steamers, for Florida, expecting to be absent several weeks.

—Miss Mary A. Danforth, a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, who has been stationed in Nagoya, Japan, is to return to her home in New Hampshire for a necessary season of rest and recuperation.

—Mr. John A. Dunn, of Guilford, has presented the Epworth Church, Cambridge, with 125 very nice antique oak, upholstered chairs which are gratefully received. These chairs will be used in the students' room, ladies' parlor and banquet-room.

—Rev. I. G. Ross, chairman of the Kennebunk County committee of the People's Prohibition Enforcement League of Maine, arranged a mass meeting at Representatives Hall, Augusta, on Monday evening, which was addressed by Rev. Hugh Montgomery and others.

—Bishop Foster will spend some weeks at Winter Park, Fla. Among other well-known Methodists at this popular winter resort are Prof. W. J. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia, James H. Hays, of Trenton, N. J., Thos. Perkins, of Girard College, Philadelphia, E. R. Thayer, formerly of Chicago Falls, and C. J. Ladd, late of Everett, Mass.

—Among the religious notices in the *Methodist Times* of Jan. 26, the following appears: "Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Price Hughes held in Chicago last week. We arranged, through our alert correspondents in that city, to give our readers the earliest intelligence concerning the proceedings. The interesting and important Chicago Letter will be found on the first page.

—We are greatly pleased to learn, as we go to press, of the death, from typhoid fever, of Mrs. Dr. John Davis, of Cincinnati, which occurred on Feb. 10. Her funeral took place on Monday, the 13th inst. Mrs. Davis was one of the most capable and useful women in our denomination, and was, at the time of her decease, president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

—Gladstone is the most wonderful man of this era in the amazing vitality which he exhibits. A correspondent of the *New York Times* says of him:—

"Neither his anxious lieutenant nor his solidities relative can keep him from going early to the House or staying late. Sitting there on the treasury bench, his shining head cocked on one side, his deep, big brown eyes following every detail of the crowded panorama before him, he seems to submit with unflinching patience to the necessity of allowing his intellectual colleagues to answer any question or dispose of any subject whatsoever. You feel he is inwardly consumed with the desire to do it all himself. Besides delivering two long set speeches, he intervened some dozen times in other people's debates during the day, and he closed the proceedings on the evening of the 10th, his superabundant energy and perpetual fretting for action used to fill the department in the hands of the committee ordered by the General Conference, of which Bishop Merrill is chairman."

—In a late *Northern Christian Advocate* Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey, writing from Clinton Springs, N. Y., says:—

"Just now the following missionaries are here: Miss Eva L. Holman, of the Baptist Mission in Yokohama; Miss Mary E. Hays, of the Methodist Mission at Tokyo; Miss Carr, who was temporarily a missionary also in Japan, filling the place of one who was obliged to take a home leave, and doing the work without salary; Miss Emma Hayes, from the Presbyterian Mission of Tokyo; Miss M. Bettele Fife, Methodist, of Rangoon, Burmah; Miss Kate N. Fieson, Presbyterian, of Lakon, Siam; Mrs. Dowling, Church of Scotland, China; and Rev. W. H. Belden, formerly of Bulgaria. Of course these all receive free medical treatment at the hands of the generous founder of this splendid institution.

—Our readers will perhaps have observed that we are taking special pains to make the second page interesting and strong. We are very happy to welcome among the contributors for this issue Rev. Dr. T. P. Frost, of Brooklyn, our old and valued friend of the Vermont Conference. We predicted in those olden days that he would eventually take rank among the best able preachers in the denomination; but he has anticipated our prophecy in point of time. It is no wonder that the First Church of Baltimore desired him for her next pastor. But go where he may, he will remain a favorite son of the Vermont Conference.

—Rev. L. L. Hanson, formerly of the East Maine Conference, writes from Redwood Falls, Minn.:—

"Enclosed find money to pay for *Zion's Herald* to 1894. It has always received a hearty welcome in my home, but never more so than at the present time. There is more than one reason for this. In the first place, it always came to the home of my childhood once a week; in the second place, it has ever found its way into my ears since I have been blessed with such; and last, but not least, permit me to say, without flattery, that this paper was never better than at the present time. I value it especially because of the tidings it brings me from the brethren and churches in my own ever-loved New England home. One man who lives on these Western prairies to learn from the heart to sing, 'I love thy rocks and rills,' etc. And yet I am well and happy in this remote North-west. I have a good home in the midst of a warm-hearted and appreciative people. God is also with us. The church is far too small to accommodate the people who come this cold weather to hear the word of life. Some seventy-five have signed their desire to leave to lead a new life, most of them men. These have been formed into classes for Bible study and gospel bands, and they go out every Sunday afternoon into the out-lying districts to hold gospel meetings. As a result, many have made a start for heaven in these services, while the young men themselves are putting on new strength and learning what too few have learned—that we are saved to serve."

BRIEFS.

The second of the "Frodder Letters" will be found on Page 2.

Our "Temperance Data" column on the third page will be read with interest.

The attention of our readers is called to the notice of the dedication of the Epworth Church, Cambridge, Feb. 22, which appears on the opposite page.

That \$45,000 had been subscribed up to Monday last for a statue to Phillips Brooks, shows the unusual hold which he had upon the affection of all classes of people.

With the March number the *Forum* will begin its fifteenth volume and enter upon its eighth year. This is one of the best of the monthly magazines that come to our table.

Mrs. Stowe was asked why she didn't write a book on temperance, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on slavery. She replied: "I have thought of doing so, but it would be too dreadful to read."

Prof. William North Rice writes with characteristic ability and critical care, for our first page, the second of the valuable series promised as the result of the investigations which he is making in his year's study abroad.

The report of the National Divorce Reform League for the year ending Dec. 31 has reached us. Dr. Dike, the corresponding secretary of the society, groups many important facts in the report concerning this urgent reform.

Dr. Sherman's "History of Wilbraham Academy," of which an extended editorial notice has already been given, can now be secured by interested friends at the Book Depository, 38 Bromfield St., or of the publishers, McDonald, Gill & Co.

We have examined, with interest, *Ow Workers' Quarterly*, which is edited by Miss Clara M. Cashman, home secretary of the New England Branch of the W. F. M. Society. This publication must be greatly helpful in disseminating necessary intelligence concerning the work of this Branch.

Very important action was taken for the church representatively in the two meetings held in Chicago last week. We arranged, through our alert correspondents in that city, to give our readers the earliest intelligence concerning the proceedings. The interesting and important Chicago Letter will be found on the first page.

The proceedings of the second annual convention of the City Evangelization Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in the Madison Avenue Church, New York city, Nov. 16 and 17, is published in neat pamphlet form by E. Scott & Co., printers and publishers, New York. Our ministers will find this report very interesting and suggestive.

Regarding a "Methodist exhibit" at the World's Fair there has been considerable needless talk and misapprehension. The *Northern* sets the matter right, saying:—

"Formal application for space was not made until recently, and that space was not specifically granted until last week. It has been said that Methodism has been slow to ask, that the space originally designed for our church was finally given to the Roman Catholics. There is not the least basis of truth for such a statement. No room whatever has been granted until quite recently, and the space now given to us has never been given or promised to any one else. The location of the Methodist exhibit is in the extreme northwest corner of the Manufacturers building, and twenty by twenty feet, or 400 square feet, have been allotted to us. More space was asked for, but the great demand had made a larger assignment impossible. Plans to fill the department are in the hands of the committee ordered by the General Conference, of which Bishop Merrill is chairman."

Under the head of "A Library for Lucknow College," will be found a very interesting and important communication from Dr. Parker, of India. We especially commend his request to the generous impulses of our readers.

That was a notable achievement on the part of the *Northern* to present electrolytes of the entire Book Committee, which held its session the same week in Chicago. Rev. Drs. A. J. Palmer and A. F. Chase look benignantly into each other's faces.

The first of the series of letters from Rev. Frederick Burrill Graves, who is carefully studying the Southland in the interest of the *Herald*, appears this week. He is instructed to mirror the real conditions of the people of the South with absolute impartiality.

The *Religious Herald*, a Baptist weekly, published at Richmond, Va., says editorially of the Gammon Theological Seminary:—

"This Seminary is now the best endowed of any in the world for colored students, president, Dr. Thibault, a ripe scholar and an enthusiastic teacher, with an efficient corps of able professors, is molding the rising ministry of the Methodists of the South."

In the mission charges connected with the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society there have been, since Jan. 1, 34 full members and 54 probationers. Since August the additions to the same charges have been 78 full members and 88 probationers—a total of 166 additions in five months, a gain of more than 100 per cent. Does Church Extension pay?

Chaplain McCabe's lecture on "Life in Libby Prison" is the most popular lecture in America today. It has been heard by more people more times than any other. It is in demand everywhere—not least among Grand Army men. If you have not heard it, go and hear it at People's Church, Cambridge, evening, the 23d. If you have heard it, of course you will go. The proceeds will go into the treasury of the Missionary and Church Extension Society.

The "forward movement" under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city progresses under the leadership of Rev. C. H. Yattman. Meetings increasing in size and interest are held on Sunday in the Union Square theatre, and two services are held each week on Fifth Avenue. So far there are about one hundred good converts. Among those who attend are gamblers, medical students, business men, women, and others of the great middle class, such as the services were planned for.

We are burdened with inquiries concerning the financial condition of certain widely-advertised investment companies. We should be glad to say, once for all, that we have very little confidence in the reliability of such companies. If we had funds to invest, we should place them in old and well-established savings banks or in mortgages upon real estate of which it was possible to obtain reliable information concerning title and real value. The best person for the small investor to consult with, is that conservative but successful business man in the community.

Judge L. E. Hitchcock, of Chicago, has prepared a "Ten Minute Series of Supplemental Lessons for the Sunday-school," as follows: 1. Life of Jesus; 2. Studies about the Bible; 3. Bible Geography; 4. Bible History; 5. History of the Christian Church; 6. History of the Methodist Episcopal Church; 7. Government of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We give hearty and grateful welcome to these practical Sunday-school helps, which meet an urgent need and are prepared with great wisdom and care. The series is published by the Book Concern, and can be obtained of C. B. Magee, 28 Bromfield St.

There is nothing so strong as love, and nothing so sweet; nothing so full of power and peace. Love lightens labor and sweetens service. It magnifies the smallest gift, and dignifies the most insignificant task. It is the universal conqueror and the universal cement. Who can count its victories, or number the armies it has slain? It is the secret of successful government in the home, the school, the church, the nation. The baptism of power is simply the baptism of love. Love is everything. Naught is of such consequence or such comprehensiveness. Love is God. Be it, then, our chief business to love more fully, more constantly, more widely, more deeply.

Have no controversy with God. It will not pay to measure weapons with Him. If He says "Go," go at once. Wait not to be spoken to the second time. If the word is, "Stand," let there be no flinching. Rock-like remain, however the billows roar. Leave off the indolence which you feel He is not pleased with. Give up that doubtful habit which impedes your communion with Him and makes you uneasy in your most serious, thoughtful moments. Go, and sin no more. Surrender yourself absolutely, unconditionally, irrevocably to Him! Be wholly the Lord's. It is beautiful. It is the only way to really live. It is glory all along, and victory, and song.

The *Christian World* (London) has a long editorial which is at least suggestive, if not explanatory, upon "Religion and the Weather." Its drift may be inferred from this significant opening paragraph:—

"That the weather has a very distinct relation to our religious life all those who have anything to do with the conduct of public worship are well acquainted with. We remember bearing the late Thomas Jones, the Welsh poet-preacher, speak of the demoralizing effect upon the hymns of Sunday. It meant not only a diminished congregation, but the pressing of him down to a distinctly lower plane of thought and feeling. God and heaven seemed further off than when the sun was shining. Most of us, in proportion to our organic sensibility, have entered into that experience."

We certainly need more Caleb. Caleb was a man who "followed the Lord fully." He was thorough-going, whole-hearted, out-and-out in his piety. He could be absolutely depended on in time of need. He was faithful, staunch, steadfast, a man who would not compromise with evil, or make concessions in his service of God. He never halted or faltered in his allegiance. Just this sort of man is in great demand now and always. We want him in the church, we want him in the Sunday-school, we want him in the family. In fact, he is as good as God everywhere. He is not dependent on revival seasons. His trust is in the promise of God. He gives Him the benefit of every doubt. He is always found in the forefront of every good cause. He is a power. How many good enterprises fail for lack of him. Oh, for more Caleb!

We heartily concur with the *Voice* in the following editorial utterance which appears in last week's issue:—

The Family.

IN THINE OWN HEART.

Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem was born,
If he's not born in thee,
Thy soul is still forlorn.
The cross on Golgotha
Will never save thy soul;
The cross in thine own heart
Alone can make thee whole.

What'er thou lovest, man,
That, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God,
Durst, if thou lovest dust.
Go out, God will go in,
Die thou and let Him live,
Be not, and He will be,
Wait, and He'll all things give.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route;
The way which knowledge leads
Is but a roundabout.
Drive out from thee the world,
And then like God thou'lt be,
A heaven within thyself
In calm eternity.

Let but thy heart, O man,
Become a valley to the Lord,
And God shall rain on it,
Till it will overflow.
Oh, shame! The silk worm works
And spins till it can fly,
And thou, my soul, wilt still
On time old earth-cloth lie?

Man, if the time on earth
Should seem too long for thee,
Turn thou to God and live,
Time-free, eternally.

—Angela Silesius (1624).

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Perhaps we do not know how much of God
Was walking with us.

Are men, when such great overflow of heaven
Brings down the light of the eternal morn
Into the earth's deep shadows, where they plod,
The slaves of sorrow.

Was in his nature, open to the soul,
Of love, that master of primeval force,
As, answering freshly their unending cry,
To the earth and the latter rain the sod
Lies bare, and drinking in by more and even
The precious dew that lifts it into flower
Distilled again in fragrance every hour.

I think if Jesus, whom he loved as Lord,
Were here again, in such guise might He go,
So kind and gentle as with a golden cord,
So with the saint speak, with the sinner so.
And then remembering all the terrors' rush
Of praise and blessing o'er the listening hush,
Remembering the lightning of the glance,
Remembering the lifted countenance,
Write with the prophetic glory that it wore,
With the Holy Spirit shining through the clay,
Prophet—yes, I say unto you, and more
Than a prophet was with us yesterday!

—HARVEY PRESCOTT STODOLSKY, in *Congregationalist*.

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands that toiled so hard for me,
At rest before me now I see them lying;
They're tired so hard, and yet we could not see
That she was dying.

Poor, rough, red hands that drugged the living
day,
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning;
On toiling on until the sun was gray
Of day returning.

If I could sit and hold those tired hands,
And feel the warm life-blood within them beat-
ing,
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,
Some whispered words repeating.

I think tonight that I would love her so,
And I could tell her of her sad story;
That even though tired, she would not wish to go
And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart that had so weary grown,
That death came all unbidden o'er it creeping.
How still it is to it here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear, patient heart that deemed the heavy care
Of cradling household toil its highest duty;
That laid aside its precious yearnings there
Along with beauty.

Dear heart and hands, so pulseless, still and cold!
O peacefully and dreamlessly she's sleeping!
The pulseless shroud of rest about them fold,
A grave me sleeping.

—ALBERT EISELOW FAIRBANKS, in *Worthington's Magazine*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

The fire that every hope consumes,
Fires the innermost soul's entrance
Or overcomes the face of flame.

—R. G. Steadman.

Some people can give their lives for a love,
And that does not mean always the mere
easy thing of dying. It means facing a fact.
At best with a strong hand always
held upon something that would spring
and palpitate into an agony if it were let go.
—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

It is the debilitated folk who catch all the
fevers that are going, and a physician can do
little for a patient who has not vitality
enough to slough off the disease. An im-
mense proportion of all our church members
are in the hospitals, or off on furlough, or
too feeble to carry a weapon. Their disease
is a low vitality, and some are dying of
"heart-failure." The only recovery of all
these pitiable invalids must come from the
tonic which Jesus Christ gives when He
gives His quickening Spirit. There is really
no such thing as a genuine revival for a
Christian or for a church except by a living again
of Christ in their souls, and a living again
of Christ in their daily life. Listen, oh, ye
invalids and impotent folk and idlers, to this
trumpet-call of the Master: "I am come
that ye might have life, and that ye may have
it more abundantly." —THEODORE CUTLER,
D. D., in *"Sifting the Eagle's Nest."*

"As once toward heaven my face was set,
I came unto a place where two ways met;
One led to Paradise, and one away,
And, fearful of myself lest I should stray,
I paused, that I might know
Which was the way wherein I ought to go.
The first was one way weary eyes to please,
Winding along through pleasant fields of ease,
Beneath the shadows of fair branching trees.
This path of calm and solitude
Surely must lead to heaven!" I cried,
In joyous mood.

"You rugged one, so rough for weary feet,
The footpath of the world's too busy street,
Lying amid the haunts of human strife,
Can never be the narrow way of life."
But at that moment I thereon espied
A footstep bearing trace of having blood,
And knew it for the Christ's, so loved my head,
And followed where He led."

You may remember the story of the blow-
ing up of the rocks that were in the channel
called Hell Gate, in the East River, that re-
sulted in the Long Island Sound from the ocean.
General Newton worked for years and years
until at last he had the cavern made and
stored with explosives, and the line, the
magie wire, run from the explosives to the
bank. Then, sitting upon the bank, he called
to him his daughter Mary, a little child two
years of age, and taking her upon his lap he
told her to press that magic button. The
little girl put forth her hand and pressed upon
the button at her father's word, and instantly
there came the mighty sound, the upheaval
of the earth, and rocks and water, and the
channel was partially free. Helplessness it-
self was that little maiden, but power itself
was the father on whose knee she rested. O
child of utter weakness, if thou wouldst but
place thyself within the Father's love, the
Father's thought, the Father's plan, then in-
deed would the Father's power flow through

thy weakness until thou shouldst read the
rocks of pride and prejudice and passion; and
even the gates of hell shouldst not prevail
against thee. —B. Fay Mills.

Jesus Christ calls you to happiness, not
through a self-indulgence, but through self-sac-
rifice. The cross that He bears He bids you
bear; the suffering He took for love's sake
He lays on you, or asks you rather to lay
upon yourself. There is higher happiness
than indulgence of self; it is sacrifice of self
for the sake of love. Is there any happiness
in this world of ours like the delicious happi-
ness of a mother? Is there any sorrow in
this world of ours like the exquisite sorrow
of a mother? In this strange sympathy of
our human life the minor and the major key
are twined together, and life passes from the
one to the other with transition so rapid as
to be bewildering. Did you ever think that
the highest expression of joy is a tear, and the
highest expression of sorrow is a tear? —
Lyman Abbott, D. D.

If his dark nights are as bright as the
world's days, what shall his days be? If even
his starlight is more splendid than the sun,
what must his sunlight be? If he can praise
the Lord in the fire, how will he extol
Him before the eternal throne! If evil be
good to him now, what will the overflowing
goodness of God be to him then? Oh, blessed
"afterward!" Who would not be a Chris-
tian? Who would not bear the present cross
for the crown which cometh afterward? But
herein is work for patience, for the rest is not
for today, nor the triumph for the present,
but "afterward." Wait, O soul, and let pa-
tience have her perfect work! —Spurgeon.

There is no time to stop and prepare for
that journey [of death], even if we could.
God demands the "last day's" labor as well
as the first. He seems to say: "Never
mind death. I will take care of that. It is
to you to take care of life." Just in the
right time the hand will be laid on our shoulder,
the word whispered in our ear. We must
leave the sewing undone, the house un-
swept, the plough in the furrow, the story
untold, the picture unfinished, the song un-
sung. We may not, perchance, even kiss our
loved ones good-by. But let us so strive to
live that we may say: "Yea, Lord, I am
ready, always ready; for I need no money or
luggage on this journey. My hand is in
Thine, like a trusting child. I am glad to be
nearer to Thee, Father, to feel more closely
the warmth of Thy love. What I have mis-
sioned and failed in Thou knowest; my poor,
feeble, futile efforts to serve Thee Thou
knowest also. There is no prop nor stay
but in perfect trust. It is all the cloak of
covering I need. I have lived on the river's
brink all my life; now I am to cross with
the Great Pilot. I thought I knew life here.
Oh, no! it was an illusion. Now I am to
live, indeed." —Christian Register.

The Bible nowhere promises us exemption
from trials. It does not assure us that we
shall not go into the furnace, nor that we
shall not be in the midst of the trial that shall
not consume us and the waters shall not over-
flow us. In the midst of the trial it shall still
be well with us. By our side in the furnace
there shall be One who is like the Son of God,
and we shall come out without even the smelt-
ing of fire on our garments. It is not that
Christians shall not have extraordinary trials.
Christianity develops manhood; it vastly en-
larges the sphere of life. It gives a broader
surface across which the winds of adversity
may sweep. It gives greater possibilities of
enjoyment; and these make greater trials cer-
tain. A Christian man is higher, and deeper,
and broader than other men are. He is more
fully developed in all his capacities both for
joy and sorrow. Christ suffered unspeakably
more than any other man who ever lived could
suffer. He had in Himself all the nobleness
of man and all the gentleness of woman; He
had vaster capacities of suffering than other
men possessed. Stolid indifference to pain is
an evidence of a coarse and brutal nature. To
feel, and yet to do and dare, is to be truly
noble. —R. S. MACARTHUR D. D., in *"Divine
Balustrades."*

HOW HETTY KEPT WASHINGTON'S
BIRTHDAY.

KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

"TELL you, mother, it's all nonsense;
you can go just as well as not," and
Hester Spaulding's brown curls kept time
with the vigorous stamp of her foot in a most
emphatic affirmation.

"I can't, somehow, seem to make up my
mind to it, dear," said the mother, anxiously.
"I don't want you to miss your sleigh-ride;"
and, after a slight pause, "I may be foolish,
but I can't feel safe about leaving you two
here all alone. If Mandy or Hiram were here,
'twould be different."

"There, I've found you out, Mothermaus,"
said Hetty, triumphantly. "I knew all the
time that was your true reason. As to the
sleigh-ride, I can go any time; and as to leav-
ing us alone, we'll be as safe as if a whole
regiment were here. What protection would
we be against tramps or burglars, you modern
Amazon?" and the gay girl picked up the
little mother in her strong young arms, and
set her down in the middle of the bright,
chintz-covered settle which adorned the
Spaulding kitchen.

"I'm not in the least afraid of tramps or
burglars either," said the flushed and panting
mother, as soon as she had gained her breath;
"but I don't like to leave you alone with
Ted. Just suppose, now, he should have one
of his bad spells; what could you do in the
house alone with him?" and the mother's
eyes turned an apprehensive glance towards
the chimney corner, where lounged a tall,
ungainly boy, apparently about sixteen, who
seemed to have no interest in the talk going
on about him.

"Now, mother, if you're going into 'pos-
sion,' I can't follow you at all. We might
'sposen' a good many things between now
and tomorrow noon: 'sposen' the moon should
take a tumble earthward, it would be an aw-
ful catastrophe, but she's not in the least
likely to do it even if we sit up all night
watching out. You know Ted has not had a
bad spell for almost five years; and is it at
all likely that he'll choose this night of all
others for an impromptu effort? I'll pop corn
and make molasses candy, and keep him as
beaming as Aurora till bedtime, won't I,
Bud? Shan't you like to stay alone with
sister?"

The boy thus appealed to turned his head
in their direction, nodding with childish glee.
It was easy then to find the mother's cause
for anxiety; no soul looked out of the dim,
lack-lustre eyes; the smile was the mean-
ingless grin of an idiot.

"As bright a boy as ever lived till he was
three years old," so Mother Spaulding was
wont to tell all strangers. Then brain fever
had held his life in the balance for many
weary weeks, and when he at last came back
to health, it was only to have his friends dis-
cover that he would much better have died.

But that was thirteen years ago, and time
had graciously softened their sorrow. It was
chiefly when they saw other sons with their

parents that they realized keenly their loss;
and even then the idolatrous love which they
lavished upon Hetty seemed almost to fill the
void in their hearts.

"She's son and daughter both," Deacon
Spaulding would say. Not that they had no
love for poor Ted; only those who have
passed the sad experience know how large a
place an idiot child can fill in a home. Dur-
ing the first years he had been a source of
constant anxiety because of the frequency of
what they had come to call his "bad spells;"
times when he seemed to be possessed of a
malicious demon, and kept them constantly
on the torture rack lest he should commit
some atrocious act. But, as Hetty had said,
it was years since he had had such a spell;
father and she had well-nigh forgotten that
he had ever had them; only the mother-heart
was continually on the alert, watching for
possible symptoms.

"I don't know, Hetty," she said, as the
girl turned to her triumphantly after her ap-
peal to Ted; "I haven't seen him so mad in
years as he was with you yesterday over that
sleight rope; and you know how sly he used to
be about his revenges."

"Well, mother, what's the decision? Are
you going?" and Father Spaulding's hand-
some face appeared at the kitchen door.
"Because if you are, you must hustle around
lively. It's getting stinging cold. 'Old Prob'
prophecies a cold wave; and, what is much
more to the purpose, old Elihu has just gone
by, and he says it will be the coldest night of
the season. I never knew him to fail in a
prophecy yet, and we mustn't be after sunset
on the road."

"Of course she's going," said Hetty, eagerly.
"Father, say that she must. Why, just
think of her staying away from Grandma's
golden wedding because she's afraid to leave
Ted and me alone in the house! The idea of
the thing!"

There had followed a laughing discussion
between the mother on one side, the father
and Hetty on the other. The little woman
had at last acknowledged herself overpowered
by sheer force of numbers, and found herself,
almost before she knew it, tucked into the
sleigh, in a wealth of buffalo robes, with soap-
stones and hot-water bottles at every conven-
ient angle, and so muffled up that she could
hardly nod her appreciation of the brilliant
piroquette Hetty was executing on the back
porch.

"The dear Mothermaus!" said the girl, as
she turned away with moistened eyes. "She
don't know how to leave the sleigh-ride, and
what's more, she shan't, either. Pity if you
can't give up something for her once in a
while, Hester Spaulding! You selfish thing
—I'm ashamed of you!"

There was quite enough to keep Hetty busy
during the short winter afternoon. Mandy,
the maid-of-all-work, had left the day before,
to spend the holiday with her family; and
Hiram, the male factotum, was to go as soon
as he could finish the milking and look after
the stock.

The Spaulding farm-house was situated on
a hill-top more than a mile from the nearest
neighbor. One of the most charming views
imaginable lay spread out before it, and when
summer clothed the earth in green, there
could be no more delightful home. In win-
ter, however, it was bleak and dreary—"the
coldest spot this side of the North Pole,"
Hetty affirmed.

There seemed no reason for fear cold within
doors, however, even on this "coldest night
of the season," for the great furnace in the
cellar was laboring away with the strength
of a kindly giant, and Hiram was piling a
small forest of logs to feed the broad open
fire-place in the kitchen.

"I kinder don't want to leave you, Miss
Hetty," he said, as he pushed back his chair
from the supper table; "and if ye say the
word, I'll stay an' let the dancin' frolic go
thunder."

"Why, Hiram, that would be a nice idea!
What do you suppose Nancy Morris would
say to that—that?" The big fellow blushed
sheepishly and muttered that "Perhaps he
mightn't like it;" and within a half-hour he
passed through the kitchen in all the splendor
of his Sunday suit, en route for the
"dancin' frolic."

As Hetty heard the kitchen door close after
him she was conscious of a sudden sinking
of heart. Somehow it did seem a weird, un-
canny thing to stay alone with Ted, a mile
from any house, that winter night. Just as
she was pulling her courage together, and
mentally boxing her own ears, there came a
chorus of gay laughter, mingled with the
jingling of bells, and the "sleigh-ride"
turned into the yard.

"We've come to drag you off by main
force, you obdurate girl!" greeted her ears
as she opened the door. "How could you be
so cruel? You know we shall have no fun
without you."

"Do come, Hetty; we'll take Ted too,"
chimed a dozen. Unluckily Ted heard this
last statement, and appeared at the door,
chuckling violently and exhibiting a great
eagerness to be "taken."

But to take Miss Hetty by main force was
not so easy a task, as the young people of
Campbelltown had long since discovered.
She was, in very sooth, a reigning belle, and
her sceptre was not easily wrested from her,
nor her decrees altered.

On this occasion she shot a reproachful
glance on the pleasers and said, "For shame!"
Then, turning to her brother, she said,
soothingly, "Don't you know, Teddy,
they left us to take care of the house? What
would they think if we went off and left it
alone? And you know sister is going to
make candy and pop-corn for you."

The grin faded from the idiot's face, and in
its place came an angry glare which made
Hetty's brave heart tremble. "Hurry off
with you," she said, turning to the party,
"so he can forget about it. I wish you
hadn't come. You might have known, Mar-
lan, from my note that I couldn't and
wouldn't go."

Somewhat crestfallen, the party returned
to their sleigh, only Jack Harding, Hetty's
long-time classmate and chum, paused a mo-
ment to say eagerly, "Hetty, mayn't mother
and I come and spend the evening with you?
I don't care a bit for the ride. And do you
think it quite safe to stay alone?"

"No, no, Jack; thank you all the same,"
she answered. "You must go and have a
jolly time. I've set my heart on staying alone
tonight."

And yet will any one, not a girl, believe

that Hester Spaulding dashed two hot tears
from her eyes and said distinctly, through set
teeth, "I'm a miserable, selfish thing," be-
fore she turned gaily to Ted with the ques-
tion, "Which shall come first, dear, candy
or pop-corn?"

That amiable individual was by no means
ready as yet to resume a gracious exterior,
and grunted out something which only the
initiated could understand as meaning candy.

The preparations for the feast, however,
seemed somewhat to mollify him, and Hetty
had the happiness, in the course of an hour,
to see him, apparently, reduced to a state of
stupid ecstasy. She half hoped he had for-
gotten the corn, and would tumble off to
sleep without it; for she had neglected to
bring it from the attic that day, and the
thought of penetrating the gloomy depths of
that gigantic store-room was not inspiring.
But just as the tall old clock pealed forth
seven strokes, he sprang up from what she
had hoped was a genuine nap to say, "Corn,
Slasy, corn!"

"All right," she answered promptly. "It
will take up time, at all events," she mur-
mured *sotto voce*. "Can it be possible it is
only two hours since the sleigh-ride started?"

"Will you come with sister, Teddy?" she
said, coaxingly, taking up the lamp; "you
can bring down the corn, you know."

To her surprise the boy readily assented;
he had always had a horror of the attic, and
could hardly be persuaded to go near it in
broad daylight; now he followed her up the
stairs with the docility of a lamb.

As she opened the attic door a cold blast
struck her, which seemed like the breath of
death. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "Father
has forgotten to fasten that north window,
and it's blowing in again. Do you suppose
we could fix it, Ted?" Just at that instant a
gust of wind blew over her light, and as she
was groping blindly toward the door it was
suddenly slammed shut, the key turned in the
lock, and she heard Ted's wild, maniacal
laugh on the other side.

"Teddy! Teddy!" she cried, in a sudden
panic of fear, "open the door quick! Sister-
ter'll freeze if you don't."

No answer but a chuckle. "Teddy, if you
don't open the door, you won't have any pop-
corn." That appeal seemed to have some
weight, for she heard his fingers fumbling at
the key. Unluckily she added another word
in her eagerness: "You know how nice pop-
corn is with molasses candy." Alas! that
word reminded him of the treasure already
in possession. With the exultant bellow of
some wild animal he turned away, and she
heard him rushing wildly down the attic
stairs. "Teddy! Teddy! for God's sake,"
screamed the frantic girl; but only her own
words came back to her, mingled with the
moan of the wind outside.

What could she do? Alone, more than a
mile from any human being, locked up to
freeze in her father's attic!

She was sure that would be the result;
never before had she known such intense cold.
She did not need old Elihu's prophecy to as-
sure her that this was the "coldest night of
the season." Her very pulse was aching from
the frost now. What would it be in another
hour? What before morning? There arose be-
fore her mind the vision of her father's and
mother's return. What a home-coming for
them! Oh, it must not be! For their sake, if
not for her own, she must make some effort
to save herself. The door! she was strong—
might she not be able to burst the lock?

She groped her way towards it, armed with
a bed-post over which she had stumbled.
Alas! both door and frame were solid oak.
Her mightiest effort hardly caused a tremor,
and she gave up at last, faint and exhausted.

The window! She could stand there and
scream in the lulls of the steadily rising wind.
Some one might be passing and hear her.
It was true the house was well back from the
road, and there were seldom passers-by, but
some one might pass that night. She had no
idea how long she stood and sent her trem-
bling voice out into the night. She found at
last that the cold was completely numbing
her faculties, and that, if she were to have
any chance for life, she must bend all her
energies towards acquiring some degree of
warmth. By exerting all her fast-ebbing
strength she managed to set the fallen win-
dow up against the frame, cutting and bruising
the poor freezing fingers pitifully in the
effort.

At that very moment Father Spaulding was
saying to his wife, "It's strange, Hannah, but
I can't get the thought out of my head that
I didn't fasten that attic window today.
You don't suppose it will make the house too
cold for the children, do you?"

"Oh, no, father, not with the furnace and
the fire-place," she answered, reassuringly.
"If there's nothing worse than attic win-
dows, I guess there won't much harm
come to them."

Worse than attic windows! And Hetty was
dully wondering if death could come in any
more horrible form.

When she had fastened the sash in place as
best she could, keeping out a portion, at least,
of the bitter cold, she tried to remember if
there were anything in that whole attic she
could wrap about her. She thought with a
pathetic smile of that wonderful store-room
down stairs, flushed only last year, to which
her mother's old-fashioned cloak had been
hanging in the far corner when she had opened
the door, that eternity ago. She had disten-
sionally seen it just before the light went out.
She groped her way thither, not without many
a stumble over some antique piece of furniture
or bit of rubbish, and soon felt her first thrill
of hope as she wrapped it closely about her.
Perhaps she could make a brave fight yet;
she would try for her mother's sake. Back
and forth she paced, in that dreary, freezing
darkness, her numb feet almost refusing to
move; but with a resolute will she pushed
on. She bit her aching fingers, then pinched
and slapped herself as hard as she could.
Back and forth, back and forth! Miles and
miles it seemed to her; anything was better
than to sit down, any torture to be chosen
before the delicious languor, which, strive as
she might, would creep over her.

She knew what it meant. She knew that
her only hope now was to make her suffering
as acute as possible.

Still back and forth! And now she was no
longer in that dreary attic, but walking through
the velvet glades of a grand old forest. She

heard the singing of birds, the droning of the
bees, and a delicious warmth and light seemed
all about her. Surely she might sit down a
moment on that mossy bank! What had she
been afraid of? There was no danger here.
She was just losing consciousness, on that
bare attic floor; when the first sound, save
the wind's sighing, penetrated the room—the
glad clamor of church bells in the little
church at the foot of the hill, where they
never failed to ring the midnight peal on
Washington's Birthday. Somehow the sound
penetrated her benumbed brain, bringing a
full realization of her surroundings, and, with
a mighty effort of will, she struggled to her
feet.

"Twelve o'clock," she whispered, hoarsely.
"I've been here five hours!"

Just then, with a tremendous crash, the
window again blew in, and looking down upon
the snow, she thought she saw an unusual
light streaming from the kitchen windows.
At the same moment the faint but unmistak-
able odor of smoke came to her nostrils.

"O God!" she cried, and fell upon her
knees in a wild agony of prayer. She saw
it all clearly. Ted had gone to his nook by
the fire-place, and after gorging himself with
candy, had fallen asleep. Some spark from
the open fire had ignited somewhere; perhaps
—oh, the horror of the thought!—it had
even been on Ted's clothing as he slept! Yes,
there was something more horrible than that
for her to freeze in the attic! What was that com-
pared with the horror of knowing that her
poor helpless brother was burning to death
down stairs, and she powerless to help him?

"O God!" she cried. "Send some one, some-
how!"

She never knew the further events of that
awful night. She had a confused sense that
there were voices, and a wild rush somewhere;
but that she, herself, was picked up by Jack
Harding and carried down stairs, her pale
face moistened by his hot tears, she knew
not.

When she opened her eyes the next morn-
ing the sun was well on to the meridian; she
was lying in her own white bed, and the first
object upon which she gazed was her moth-
er's face.

"Did I dream it all?" she whispered.
"I guess so," said the trembling lips; "try
and dream something pleasanter this time."

Slowly the events of the night shaped
themselves to her consciousness.

Her next question was an anxious one:
"Where's Ted?"

"Safe and sound in the kitchen, dear;
don't worry about him."

"Thank God!" she whispered, and with a
happy smile went off to sleep, too deliciously
tired to ask more.

It was nearly a week before she could hear
the whole story, when Jack for the first time
was admitted to her presence. She looked
up at him from the depths of her arm-chair,
and said simply: "Will you please tell me
all about it?"

"There is very little to tell," he answered,
brusquely. "I happened by your house
about midnight and saw a strange light from
the kitchen window; it was a very easy thing
to get in, for you hadn't locked the door.
There was Ted, fast asleep on one side of the
fire-place, and your cushioned rocker blazing
away on the other. I put the fire out very
quickly, then shook Ted and asked where you
were, for I knew you wouldn't go to bed and
leave him alone. He mumbled something about
pop-corn. A sudden inspiration seized me. I
snatched up a lamp and started for the attic.
There I found you—O Hetty, how I found
you!" and his assumed calmness giving
way, the bright boy sobbed like a girl.

"But you haven't told me how you came
to be walking out at midnight on the 'coldest
night of the season.'"

"Why, I couldn't give up my patriotism if
it was the coldest night of the season, so
Harry and I ran down to the church to ring
the bell."

"But weren't you on the sleigh-ride?"
persisted the girl.

"Why, no! Didn't you know the whole
load turned back after the first mile, it was so
freezing cold? I didn't even start with them,
though. As soon as I found you were not
going, I went straight home. I knew there'd
be no fun without you. I couldn't go to bed,
I thought about you and Ted all alone, so I
just walked over the hill to see if all was
right. Oh! if I hadn't come! It makes my
soul sick to think about it!"

